

THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. V.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 15, 1875.

No. 10.

THE FOOTSTEP ON THE STAIR.

I HAVE very many treasures
That my heart has hid away:
There's a little curl that's brighter
Than the sunshine of the day;
And a little shoe that's faded,
Is among my treasures there—
And I listen, when I see it,
For a footstep on the stair,
For a patter, patter, patter,
Of a footstep on the stair.

Now those little feet are silent,
And the face is hidden low
Underneath the meadow grasses,
And the daises fragrant snow;
And I miss them in the morning,
Pattering feet, and face so fair—
But I listen most at bed-time,
For the footstep on the stair.

Then she'd come and kneel beside me
In her little gown of white
And she'd say her short prayer over,
And would kiss me sweet good night.
And I listen in the twilight,
Though I know she is not there,
But I cannot still my yearning,
For the footsteps on the stair,
For the patter, patter, patter,
Of the footsteps on the stair.

ROBIN AND THE ELVES.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! how cold it is to-night!" piped a little robin, puffing out his feathers until he made himself look like a little two-legged ball. It was his first winter, and Robin had never before felt such an icy wind as now blew from the north, bringing up with it a great dark cloud.

"Oh, hooty-tooty-tooty-to! what shall I do, what shall I do?" said the robin. "The north wind doth blow, and they say it will snow, and what shall I do with myself, poor me? For the place where I used in such comfort to roost, they have grubbed up the bank and have cut down the tree."

"What is the matter, Rob! It is coming on to snow, why don't you go to roost?" said a lively-looking tomtit who was passing by.

"Why, they have just cut down my particular bush, and made a hole in my bank that a wheelbarrow could go through," replied the Robin; "and now I don't know where to go."

"Dear, dear!" said the tomtit. "Well, there are very snug quarters in the ivied wall, only it is terribly crowded. I am hurrying in now, lest my place should be taken; but come with me, perhaps you can find a corner."

There was a mighty chirping and rustling going on in the ivy, birds quarreling for the best perches, and hustling one another about in the endeavors to settle in comfortably for the night. Robin met with no welcome from them. "We don't want strangers," they cried, "we are too full already."—"Move on, that's my place."—"And that's mine—get out with you!" Robin did get out, and flew to the branch of a fir-tree to consider what he should

do. Something soft and white fell on one side of him, then on the other, then on his back; it was really snowing, and every minute it fell thicker.

"The north wind is blowing, and fast it is snowing, and what shall I do with myself, poor me? Oh, I'll fly to the barn, to keep myself warm, and hide my head under my wing," cried he.

Robin easily found his way into the barn through a broken shutter. Nobody was there, only some tools and farming instruments lay in it, and a heap of straw at one end.

"Come, it is much warmer here," said Robin; "it is a fine thing to have a good roof over one's head. I cannot do better than sleep here as long as this winter lasts. What! snow-flakes even here?" for, as he spoke one and another came wandering in at the broken shutter by which he had entered. But they were easily to be avoided, and when he had found himself a snug corner, and settled cozily in. Robin found that it rather amused him to watch them wavering and settling. So, though he tucked his head under his wing, it did not go so far under but that one eye was left out for observation. One—two, not remarkable as to size, then a big one, then several together, then two big ones. "The storm is growing thicker," said Robin, sleepily. "There again—what huge ones!"

Were they snow-flakes at all, though, those last ones that had fallen on to the patch of white? They looked more like two butterflies; but who ever saw two butterflies in a snow-storm? Robin's curiosity roused him, and he was hopping down to look, when a breath, a whisper, reached him: "Look up, darling we are in shelter; the worst is past."

"Elves!" chirped the robin. For you know that the fairies, pleased with the kind feeling shown by the robins for the poor little children in the wood, gave them, as a reward, the power of understanding the language both of elves and fairies, so Robin understood what was said. Two little elves they were, benumbed and almost frozen to death by the cold, their gauzy wings drooping, and their bright robes dimmed. The one who had spoken raised himself at Robin's approach, as if to defend his companion; but she lay lifeless on the patch of snow.

"Do not alarm yourself; I am a friend," said Robin, graciously; for, indeed, wee Robin was an ostrich of a bird to those tiny elves. "You are nearly frozen," he went on; "come away from that nasty cold patch and nestle into my feathers; I will warm you."

The elf, with many expressions of thankfulness, drew his companion into the dark but sheltered corner, and there they nestled close under Robin's wing, and soon he could hear them making little movements and whispering together, as though they both were reviving. All night Robin crouched over them as still as he could, but he was glad when he woke from a sound slumber to find morning come, and the daylight streaming through the broken shutter. He stirred a little to show that he was awake, and immediately felt small hands caressing him. "King Robin, you have saved our lives," said the elves.

Robin looked down, and was filled with admiration at the beauty of the little creatures. "You must stay here till the snow is gone," he said, "and I will bring you food, and keep you warm at night."

"Thanks, Robin; here we will stay for the present," said the elf, "for my poor Zalila must not run the risk of encountering such a storm again."

"Nor you either, dear Tehaio," she answered; "you are still pale and trembling."

"I wonder what I can get you to eat," said Robin. "There will be no worms in this weather; but perhaps you don't care for worms?"

Evidently the elves did not. "Well, I will bring you whatever I can find," said Robin, "and then you will see what suits you best."

What a white world it was, now that he was outside, and how strange everything looked in its white robe! The snow had ceased falling, but Robin soon saw that there was not much chance of finding food either for his little guests or for himself. Everything was covered up, not a berry nor a slug was to be found.

"I know there were some hips on that rosetree against the front of the house; I will try there," said Robin. But the hips, though he succeeded in finding them, were frozen so hard that all his pecks and twitches were in vain, when the noise of an opening window startled him away. He halted on a bush hard by, having by no means given up his fight for the hip, and from the open window there reached him a smell as of food so good, so delicious, that the hungry robin flew toward it, caught sight of faces peeping out, and fluttered away again. But now the window was shut, leaving the food strewn outside, and the odor was too enticing. Robin made another sally, alighted on the window-sill, and started off again in alarm; but soon settled again, glancing about with his bright eyes in every direction. No enemy was in sight, and hopping forward he snatched and bolted a bit of the food. It was excellent indeed! He meant to carry the second bit to the elves, but it was so good, and Robin was still so hungry, that before he knew what he was about he bolted that too. However, holding the third resolutely in his beak, he flew away with it, dodged away from two sparrows that chased him, and reached the barn with it safely.

"There!" he cried, laying it down in triumph, "there is a feast for you—a bit of man-food! Yes, it really is, and so good!"

Robin pecked the crumb into still smaller pieces, and laid it before the elves, observing prudently, "I must be off and lay in a store for your supper, lest it should all be gone."

As he flew toward the house second time, he saw his friend Tomtit hanging upside down from a branch, looking for insects on its unsnowy side. "Come along, Tom," cried Robin, "I will show you where something better is to be found than that."

"It can not be worse," said the tomtit; "all the insects are frozen hard. How jolly you look in spite of all, Rob!" For the feeling that he was serving and doing good to others made Robin quite brisk and happy.

The window-sill was crowded with birds now, sparrows quarreling, finches fluttering, and a big blackbird coming up now and then and chuck-chucking all the rest away. Robin, however, was not easily daunted, and he secured a meal for himself, and a good large crumb to fly home with to the barn. Not even his friend Tomtit must know of the elves' arrival, for it would never do that the birds should hear of it, and the elves be liable to visits at any moment from curious, impudent sparrows, so Robin flew a great deal farther round than he need have done, and dodged and watched for some minutes before he popped in at the barn window again, and found his little guests safe, but shivering.

"Tell me," said Robin, when they had nestled cozily into his feathers, "how came you to be traveling at such a terrible time of year? I never saw elves before, except in summer-time."

"We lived," answered Tehaio, "in a small but beautiful island, where snow never fell, nor was frost seen. But there arose war among the gnomes who dwell beneath it, and it came to such a

pitch, that not only was there an earthquake and eruption of ashes and lava, but great part of our island sank beneath the sea in consequence of the battles going on below. There was thus no longer room for us to dwell, and it was decreed that a certain number of the younger ones among us should go forth and seek for homes elsewhere. Zalila and I were among those on whom the lot for wandering fell, and we went forth to find a home together. But we had set our hopes too high, and one place after another did not come up to what our fancy pictured, and still we went on and on. We found, however, many creatures to help, and much to do, at each place of our sojourning, and we did not know that you had such terrible seasons in the year as this winter of yours."

"It was not so in Elfin Isle," said Zalila. "Storms came, but when they had blown over all was fair again."

"We had determined on a longer flight than usual," Tehaio went on; "and, according to our custom, had mounted high in the air for this purpose, when a bitter north wind caught us, and whirled us along over the sea and land, lost in blinding snow-clouds, until it dropped us, half perished, here—"

"Into my barn," finished the robin; for he had begun half to believe that the barn really belonged to him.

"And you saved our lives," said Zalila, stroking a scarlet feather on the robin's breast.

"You are not as comfortable yet as you might be," said Robin. "When I am away you have nowhere to nestle for warmth. There is straw, indeed, but you are such tiny, tender little things, that to bid you nestle in the straw would be like bidding a man wrap himself in logs of wood. To-morrow, if the snow has melted in some spots, I will find some moss and feathers to make you a nest, and you shall be as warm and cozy as two little white eggs."

The next day, accordingly, as soon as Robin had paid his visit to the crumb-strewn window-sill, he went about hunting for moss and wool and feathers, wherever there seemed to be a chance of getting them. They were very scarce, and difficult to get at, but Robin worked hard, and by the afternoon he had carried in enough to make a couch for his chilly little guests. He was well laughed at by the other birds. "You little owl, are you going to make a nest at this time year?" said one. "He is going to sit upon snow-balls and hatch icicles," cried another. It made quite an employment for the idlers among the birds; some followed him about, laughing at him, and others flew from hedge to bush, carrying the news to their neighbors, "Oh, do you know, I saw such a foolish young robin; he is making a nest all by himself in snow-time—little owl!" and then they would laugh and twitter. The tomtit heard of it, and flew to find Robin, seriously alarmed.

"Dear Robin," he cried, "are you mad? put down that bit of moss—St. Valentine's Day is distant many a moon."

"I am not making a nest," replied Robin; "this moss is only for the sake of warmth; you know I lost my perch just as the snow came."

"Oh, well," said the tomtit, "but I should have thought you need to coddle yourself."

"It is not for myself," said Robin, "but for another. She is not well just now—I will introduce you to her some day, when she is better."

"All right, Robin, my chick," said the tomtit. "I will fly and stop those chatterers, they are chirping your name all over the place."

"Don't care," said Robin; "they can not make me a fool by calling me so;" and he shook his tail and flew briskly to the barn.

A COLORED citizen in Alabama has named his child "Heterogeneous."

STORIES TOLD BY ROCKS.

[W. W. Crane in *Hearth and Home*.]

CAN rocks tell stories? Well, not *falsehoods*, at least; or, in fact, any other kind of stories that have to be told in words. But they have a way of telling stories, and very interesting ones, too. These stories must be interpreted, though, before they can be understood; and their interpreter is *geology*.

Suppose, for instance, that a man who knew nothing at all about geology should see the *plain print of a rain-drop in solid rock*. Such a person would probably think the single drop of water had forced its way into hard stone. But geology makes us understand that the rock was a bank of soft clay when the rain-drop fell on it, making a little dent, which remained in it after it had turned to stone.

In this way rocks relate their own histories; and they not only do that, but they tell us many wonderful stories of other things—stories of floods and fires, volcanoes and earthquakes, gigantic wild beasts, and men hardly less fierce and savage, strange and terrible monsters, and even dragons, or, at least, creatures that looked very much like them.

These things that looked like dragons were called *pterodactyls*, from two Greek words meaning “wing” and “finger.” They had wings very much like those of bats, joined to a long claw or finger on the outsides of their forefeet, and with these wings they could fly fast enough to catch swift insects. Their heads were something like those of crocodiles, and their great, strong jaws and sharp teeth must have had a very dangerous and altogether unpleasant look. They were of different sizes, but some were very large indeed, with wings more than twice as wide, from tip to tip, as those of the biggest bird in the world. These frightful things lived a very long time ago, and their skeletons have been found among the rocks where they have been for thousands of years. The rocks have kept them safe for us, so that we could tell what sort of creatures used to live in the world in very ancient times. Skeletons of many other strange and terrible animals have also been found among the rocks. One of them was a tremendous elephant, a great deal bigger than any you ever saw in a menagerie, with long tusks which curled around like one of these twisted horns we sometimes see in a musical instrument store, and which looks as if somebody had been trying to tie them in a knot. Others were like various animals now in the world, but very much larger. Some of the bones that have been found belonged to birds which must have been almost as big as the “rocs” you have probably read in the “Arabian Nights.” It would be very inconvenient, I think, to have one of these tall fowls around now, particularly if he should take a notion to pick up a little boy or two in his big beak and stalk away with him. And the people that should go out gunning after such game would have to take a small cannon along if they expected to do them much harm at one shot.

The men that lived in the days when some of those monstrous beasts and birds still remained on the earth were very rough and savage fellows, and were not a bit afraid of them, even if they were so much “over their size.” Although they didn’t have any guns or pistols, or any other weapons that we would think much of, yet they not only defended themselves against the great animals, but even hunted them, ate their flesh, and clothed themselves with their skins. The rocks prove this, and although there is not room here to tell you how, yet when you study geology you will understand it and learn a great many other interesting things.

But these *fossils*, as they are called, which are found in the rocks, are not really more interesting than the rocks themselves. For every rock, stone, or pebble on the earth has been made to

undergo some wonderful changes. Every lump of coal was once part of a tree in an ancient forest. All limestone has been formed from shells by the ocean which broke and ground them up until they became dust, which was afterwards hardened to stone. Many beautiful churches and dwellings are partly built of a sort of stone which was once nothing but sands. Other kinds of rocks were formerly clay. Some owe their origin to living things, such, for instance, as coral, which is made by a little insect. And a very large number were made to take their present forms by great fires inside the earth, which melted older rocks, sometimes changing them to marble, granite, &c., and sometimes pouring them out through the craters of volcanoes in the form of lava.

These changes, which have been taking place ever since the foundation of the world, have often given the rocks very strange shapes and peculiar aspects. Very often they look just as if they had been put together by men; and ignorant people have often believed that such was the case. The “Giants’ causeway,” on the coast of Ireland, looks like the beginning of a great bridge made of stone columns, extended out into the sea, and many of the people in the neighborhood still believe it was made by a race of giants who intended making a bridge or causeway all the way across to Scotland. On the shore of the island of Staffa, near the coast of Scotland, there is a great cavern which some people supposed to have been the palace of an ancient Scottish chieftain named Fingal, and so it has been named “Fingal’s Cave.”

Many other strange formations of rocks, which look like very large buildings, have been found in our own country and in other parts of the world. And they really are buildings, too, but not such as are made by the hands of men. The Great Creator made them in carrying out the wonderful plan which causes the universe to be governed. And even if the study of geology—by means of which we may understand all these “stories of the rocks”—were not useful in any other way, it would be of great benefit to us by helping us to see and feel the wisdom and power of Him who has made and now preserves the world in which we live.

THE MAN WITH THE FLEAS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *New York Times* narrates the history of a modern celebrity who has just died in a modest garret there. He was the colleague of the man who breaks paving-stones with his fist, and of the man that swallows a sword. Jean Lesillia, “the man with the fleas,” for many years exhibited his learned fleas throughout France, making them do a number of astounding feats. Among other things he marshalled them into companies, then turned them into horses and made them draw a tiny chariot across a table. It was really wonderful to see the seeming intelligence of these insects. One day he was going through his performance at the Clichy fair, when a dog rushed up and seized him by the leg. Jean had ordered the fleas into their box, and the nip of the dog at his leg made him turn in haste, and in his fright he dropped his box of fleas. Their natural instinct made them jump upon the dog for safety, and at the same moment their master gave the dog a kick which sent him howling away. It was not until he saw the dog running that he realized the loss of his pets. The crowd began to laugh, but it was no laughing matter to Jean. His occupation was gone; he had been despoiled of his means of earning his daily bread, and the poor fellow sank down weeping like a child. It required a year’s hard labor to train a new lot of fleas, and Jean had not the means. He turned rag-picker, and during the past winter worked as a *chiffonnier* to support his family. But the life did not suit him, and chagrin and the severity of the season soon brought him to his grave.

THE SILENT WORLD.

Published Semi-Monthly at 711 G Street, N. W.

JOHN E. ELLEGOODPublisher.

WASHINGTON, MAY 15, 1875.

WE would call attention to the advertisement on page 12 of a lady of ten years' experience who wishes a situation in an institution for the deaf and dumb as a teacher or assistant matron.

THE Alumni Association of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has already begun to make preparations for its third reunion which is to be held at the Institution, in Columbus, on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of next August. The Superintendent of the Institution, Mr. Fay, on behalf of the Board of Trustees, has extended the hospitalities of the Institution to all who may attend. A circular of invitation to be present, which also contains the programme, has been issued. Mr. D. H. Carroll is to be the orator, with Mr. G. W. Chase as alternate. The exercises will comprise a pantomimic exhibition, under the management of Mr. J. M. Park, and a Sunday service by Mr. Fay. Altogether everything seems to promise a very profitable and interesting gathering; and if it is not it will certainly not be the fault of the Board of Managers nor of the authorities of the Institution, for they are showing the greatest energy and enterprise. All letters concerning the reunion should be addressed to Amos Eldridge, Chairman Committee of Arrangements, Lock box 42, Springfield, Clark Co., Ohio.

WE learn from the San Francisco *Alta California* that the new temporary building of the California Institution, of which an account was given in a late number of THE SILENT WORLD, was formally dedicated on the 17th of last April. School began on the 21st, and will continue uninterruptedly, except during the usual Christmas holidays, until June, 1876. On the occasion of the dedication, the President of the Board of Directors, Mr. J. Mora Moss, made a statement of the financial condition of the Institution. The lowest possible cost of renting a suitable building for three years would have been \$22,620; the cost of the temporary building, including \$2,130 for gas works and repairing the laundry, engine-house, &c., was \$17,000, a saving to the State of more than \$5,000. And when it is considered that the money paid for rent would be a dead loss after the expiration of the three years's lease, while the new building will always be available to cut up into a gymnasium, shops, and the like, it will be seen that great credit is due the Board of Directors for their prudence and foresight. The money for the new building and for school and other furniture was advanced by the Directors on their own responsibility, they, of course, expecting to be repaid when the Legislature assembles and taken measures for the erection of a permanent building.

GOSSIP.

THE best of us have that disposition to mind our neighbor's business which is the foundation of all gossip. Deny it as we may we like to know who has moved into the next house; we are inquisitive as to the quality and extent of the furniture; we often take a great deal of pains to inform ourselves as to the antecedents, prospects, and possibilities of our new neighbor and each and every member of his family. We like to know how Mr. Smith is getting on in his business and to discuss the manner in which Mrs. Jones

has furnished her new house. And when Mr. Smith's business goes wrong and he runs away with somebody's money or Mrs. Jones spends too much on her house and gets her husband into debt, is it our fault and can we help it that our gossip assumes a less innocent character? If people will do wrong and make fools of themselves, other people will talk; and we shall have to listen if we don't join in ourselves.

Surely gossiping has its innocent and harmless side, as Mrs. Stowe has suggested in her last book "We and Our Neighbors." Is it not founded in a kind-hearted interest we all feel in each other and each other's welfare? Does not the same disposition that prompts us to notice how many loads of furniture are carried into the Browns' house and wonder what they are going to have for dinner also lead us to notice when Brown don't go to his office as usual and to wonder if he is sick, and by and by to step over to inquire and then to concoct and carry over for his delectation all the delicacies we ever heard of or can invent? And pray how would the world get along if everybody strictly minded his own business and paid no attention whatever to any one else's?

Gossiping certainly has its use, and is even to be desired to a certain extent. We could never get on in the world without pride, for then there would be no self-respect, and if nobody ever got angry, nobody's wrongs would ever be righted. But for all that, pride and a quick temper are very disagreeable and unpleasant traits. So of gossip. No one will deny, we think, when he finds that his private actions and opinions have been discussed all over the town, that gossip is a very disagreeable thing and ought not to be encouraged.

People must have something to talk about; and the less they know and the more time they have the greater will be this need. Other subjects being exhausted, what is more natural than that the personal habits and peculiarities of one's acquaintances should be discussed? To the credit of human nature be it said, however, the greatest gossips are usually ignorant and lazy people. Where the individual and the community are most intelligent and industrious there is the least gossip.

It is just here that the good influence of travel, about which so much is said nowadays, comes in. People who travel meet all sorts of persons and go through a great variety of experience. The grasp of their minds is widened and enlarged. They have seen much and experienced much and hence, have so many subjects to talk about that they have no need and no desire to fall back on gossip to keep up the conversation, as is too often the case with those who stay at home and live much within themselves.

Everybody can not travel. Some have not the means; others have not the time, and others are prevented by one thing and another. But it is possible to gain some of the benefits of travelling and stay at home. We can all read; we can all form the habit of being wide-awake and always on the lookout for new and interesting bits of information. In these two habits lie the greatest preventatives and best safeguards against gossiping.

If we don't know enough to talk without falling back on gossip, we can go to work and learn more. We can read as we have opportunity; we can go to others who know more than ourselves or who have had more experience, and have them talk to us. We can pick up all the information we can and when we have learned anything new, fall back on that the next time we are at a loss for something to talk about. If we do this in a quiet, unobtrusive, modest way, we will very soon be astonished at the enjoyment others seem to find in talking with us, and the pleasure we take in conversation.

It is not enough to simply talk—to have something to say when we meet our friends—we owe it to ourselves and to others to en-

deavor to make our conversation interesting, instructive, and helpful. We are not merely to be entertained; we are to entertain; and if we try to do our duty in this respect, we will soon find that, as usual, in helping others we help ourselves. With a little effort we can not only avoid all undesirable gossip, but can do a great deal towards making the world better and pleasanter for our being in it.

As is often the case with deaf and dumb applicants, our correspondent, whose letter we publish in another column, appears to have found it difficult to get his life insured. Probably the ground on which insurance companies so often refuse to insure deaf and dumb persons is not that they are deaf and dumb, but that they belong to the class of insured termed "extraordinary risks"—those who, owing to their occupation or from any other cause, are exposed to more dangers than the average, and who are on this account, not as safe to insure. The less of this class of policy-holders an insurance company has the safer it is, for it is less liable to be called upon to pay losses arising from accidents, which can not, of course, be foreseen. Many companies, therefore, not unreasonably, refuse to take any extraordinary risks; others take them, but charge a certain per cent. in addition to their ordinary rates, the percentage being calculated according as the risk is greater or less.

We believe the average longevity of the deaf and dumb is less than that of other people, although we do not recollect ever to have seen any statistics on the subject. It would seem, on the contrary, that the deaf-mute must escape a great deal of noise, confusion, and worry that reach other people through their ears, and other things being equal, he ought to live as long, to say the least, as any one. Many of the deaf and dumb, however, lose their hearing by disease and have their constitutions more or less injured at the same time. Of course, these must be shorter lived, and in computing the average longevity of all deaf-mutes, the average number of years of life of the perfectly sound must be considerably lessened from this cause. The question is an interesting one, and we shall be glad to publish in the columns of THE SILENT WORLD any information or statistics that have a bearing on the subject.

PERSONAL.

WE would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

MISS LAURA B. WISEMAN, an intelligent semi-mute and a former pupil of the Indiana Institution, was married, on the 24th of April, near Pendleton, Indiana, to Mr. James Montgomery, also a former pupil of the Indiana Institution.

A PLEASANT gathering of relatives and intimate friends assembled on Wednesday evening at the residence of William Willard, one of our oldest and most highly respected citizens, and the founder of the Institution for the education of the deaf and dumb in this State, to witness the marriage of their daughter, Miss Josephine M., to Mr. Orlando P. Rooks, of Kansas. After the beautiful and impressive ceremony, performed by Rev. G. W. F. Birch, the company partook of a splendid repast, enjoyed by all in a pleasant and home-like way. The handsome and accomplished bride, so much admired by friends and acquaintances, was the recipient of many pretty and useful presents, while all joined in wishing a happy and brilliant future to the newly-made husband and wife.—*Indianapolis Journal*, May 7.

MISS ELLEN M. WILLIAMS, a former pupil of the New York Institution and afterwards a graduate of the Indiana Institution, was married, on the 5th of May, to Mr. W. W. Miles, of Canandagua, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Cornelius, pastor of Garden Street Baptist Church, of which the bride is a member. He was assisted by Mr. H. S. Gillet, teacher of the High Class in the Indiana Institution, who rendered the service into signs. Between fifty and seventy-five guests were present, among whom were Supt. MacIntire and wife and several teachers from the Institution. The bride received a number of valuable and beautiful presents. Mr. Miles will be employed in the Udell Ladder and Wooden-ware Company's factory North Indianapolis, and after this will make the city his residence. He was formerly a pupil in the New York Institution.

Yours, Respectfully,

LAURA SHERIDAN.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, May 3rd, 1875,

To the Editor of THE SILENT WORLD:

SOME time ago, I made an application, through the local agent, to the Northwestern Insurance Co., for a policy of endowment insurance on my life; but my application was rejected, I next tried the Mutual Insurance Co., of Newark, N. J., and was equally unsuccessful.

My health, according to the medical examination, was perfect. Both companies said they did not insure deaf-mutes. May be they think deaf-mutes are short-lived; and, therefore, I have a strong curiosity to know the true average longevity of deaf-mutes. Can any of the readers of THE SILENT WORLD give this information? I think the principals of the deaf and dumb institutions are the sources from which the information can be gained.

Yours, truly

DAVID L. ROGERS.

FREE LUNCH IN A DRY GOODS STORE.

ONE of the largest dry-goods establishments in Paris is that of M. Boucicault et Fils, which bears the name of Bon Marché. It sells \$10,000,000 worth a year. Of it Mrs. Isabella B. Hooper thus writes in a private letter, published in the *Hartford Courant*: For the accommodation of customers there is a pleasant refreshment room, handsomely frescoed, and without money or price one may have a simple lunch for the asking. This arrangement was suggested, we were told, by certain American ladies, who expected, of course, that a fee would be charged for the lunch; but M. Boucicault, perceiving that his foreign customers were often compelled through fatigue to step out for a lunch, and then did not always return, concluded to make them comfortable at his own expense, reaping his profit by the increase of sales; and he is fully satisfied of the wisdom of the experiment. He then conceived the project of a reading room close at hand for gentlemen, that they might be kept in a peaceful state of mind while their wives and daughters judiciously expending money for the whole family. This also ought to be a success, for it is a most inviting room, filled not only with newspapers and conveniences for writing, but with photographs, which might attract the most fastidious, and should reconcile the grumpiest husband to his matrimonial fate. Certain American ladies, not being permitted to pay for their lunch, not even to remunerate the waiters, have put up a "poor box," which I heard of afterward, but did not happen to see, and its contents are faithfully administered, I have no doubt.

THE TWO CARPET TACKS.

[Margaret Eyttinge in *The Christian at Work*.]

THE nail-box was nearly empty. There had been so many carpets put down, and so many pictures hung up, that nearly all the nails and tacks had been taken away. Indeed, only a fat old hook, too awkward to be used for anything, a crooked nail, and two tacks remained behind. One of these tacks was a new-fashioned fellow, bright as silver, with two legs and no head, and the other was an old-fashioned, one-legged chap, with a flat round head.

"Dear me," said the silvery tack, "I wonder who I am. I asked my brothers—those who have left us—I wonder where they are gone—and they said, 'really they couldn't imagine.' How strange not to know what one is."

"I know what you are," said the one-legged tack sharply; "you're a tack—same as myself only made a little different. And if you wonder what tacks are, I can tell you that too. They are the children of the nail family."

"O, no indeed," said the two-legged one; "you must be mistaken. I can never be a relation of *yours*. I don't look like you in the least. I have two lovely, slender legs, and I can dance beautifully." And he began to waltz, rather stiffly to be sure, but very well indeed for a tack.

"Dance or no dance," replied the other, "you're nothing but a tack, and so you'll find out before long."

"But," persisted the dancer, "I'm made of silver, and you—well, I don't know what you're made of; but you *look* like common iron."

"Silver!" exclaimed the tack with a head; "great old silver! And as for your *two* lovely, slender legs," he added, scornfully "I'd rather have one leg and a head any day. *You* may think being all back and legs pretty, but I tell you I don't."

"Who cares what *you* think," said the silvery fellow, in a rage giving his neighbor a spiteful kick. "You're only mad because, I am so much handsomer than you are, and because you know you have been telling stories."

"Two more tacks—two more tacks, and we shall be done," cried a voice near them, and they were lifted from the box and carried into a room, where they saw a whole row of their relations glittering in the carpet close by the wall. With one blow on the head the tack-hammer drove the one-legged tack through the carpet into the floor beside the rest, and a sharp tap on the back of the "silver" one caused his two lovely, slender legs to disappear forever.

"Well, what do you think now?" asked Roundhead, as soon as the hammer had gone.

"Do hush!" answered the other, "I don't want to talk. I've got a pain in my back."

THE STINGING TREE.

ONE of the torments to which the traveler is subjected in the North Australian scrabs is a stinging tree (*untica gigas*), which is very abundant, and ranges in size from a large shrub of thirty feet in height to small plant measuring only a few inches. Its leaf is large and peculiar, from being covered with a short, silvery hair, which, when shaken, emits a fine, pungent dust, most irritable to the skin and nostrils. If touched it causes most acute pain, which is felt for months afterwards—a dull, gnawing pain, accompanied by a burning sensation, particularly in the shoulder and under the arm, where small lumps often arise. Even when the sting has quite died away, the unwary bushman is forcibly reminded of his indiscretion each time that the affected part is brought in contact with water. The fruit is of a pink, fleshy color, hanging in clus-

ters, and so inviting that a stranger is irresistibly tempted to pluck it; but seldom more than once, for, though the raspberry like berries are harmless in themselves, some contact with the leaves, is almost unavoidable. The blacks are said to eat the fruit, but for this I cannot vouch, though I have tasted one or two at odd times, and found them very pleasant. The worst of this nettle is the tendency it exhibits to shoot up wherever a clearing has been effected. In passing through the dray tracks cut through the scrub, great caution was necessary to avoid the young plants that cropped up even in a few weeks. I have never known a case of its being fatal to human beings, but I have seen people subjected by it by great suffering, notably a scientific gentleman, who plucked off a branch and carried it some distance as a curiosity, wondering the while what caused the pain and numbness in his arm. Horses I have seen die in agony from the sting; the wounded parts becoming paralyzed; but, strange to say, it does not seem to injure cattle, who dash through the shrubs full of it without receiving any damage. This curious anomaly is well known to all bushmen.—*Cassell's Illustrated Travels*.

A POCKET ORCHESTRA.

A YOUNG Bostonian met with a comical mishap recently. His watch breaking down just before he sat out for the opera, of which he is a frequenter, he stepped into a jeweler's shop where he is well acquainted, for the purpose of having his time-piece repaired, and obtained a substitute for it in the shape of a handsome Swiss watch, loaned him by the courtesy of the proprietor of the establishment. Thus equipped, the young gentleman took his seat in the opera, and everything went well until the middle of the second act, when suddenly he heard strains of sweet music not in the score wafted sweet and low in his neighborhood. People to right of him people to left of him, people on all sides of him queried and wondered. Finally, horrible to relate, the unfortunate man found that the music issued from his vest pocket, and as he frantically pulled out the watch, the strains of the Swiss waltz thrilled his soul. He stood not upon the order of his departure, but went at once.

A CHILD'S CIVILITY.

WHEN the Emperor of Germany was lately on a visit in a distant portion of his Dominions, he was welcomed by the school children of the parish. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then, taking an orange from a plate, he asked:

"To what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a little girl.

The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked:

"And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the little girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the Emperor.

The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his Majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said with radiant eyes:

"To God's kingdom, sire."

The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hands on the child's head and said, most devoutly:

"Grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

THE fact that one of the most interesting features of the decorations of the new opera house in Paris was executed by Italian artists has determined the French Government to establish a school of mosaic decorations at Sevres. Such a school was actually es-

ablished by Napoleon I, to assist an unfortunate class, the workmen employed being all deaf and dumb. The same plan will be carried out in the present case, at least so far that pupils, showing aptitude for the art, will in the first instance be sought for at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

A DEAF-MUTE boy recently carried a note to a lady's house in Knoxville, Tennessee, asking for clothing. She asked the boy a question, but receiving no answer, she became frightened; visions of robbers, burglars, etc., flitted before her eyes, and, rushing up stairs, began to shoot a pistol out of the window, alarming the whole neighborhood, while the boy stood calm at the door, unconscious of anything going wrong. After shooting three times, friends rushed in and the situation was explained.

STRONG ARGUMENTS.—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary contains a hundred and fourteen thousand words, and three thousand pictures. Jones says when he came home late the other night, in the space of fifteen minutes his wife applied all the words to him besides some extra ones and a fire shovel, suggesting to his mind the picture of the Ducking Stool on the 418th page of the Dictionary.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

ALABAMA.

WE are in good health as usual. Next Friday we are going to have a picnic at Taylor's mill, about four miles from here in the Mountains where there are wonderful and beautiful Springs.

The nine of the Georgia Institution challenged the first nine of the Alabama Institution to play a match game and the latter accepted the challenge but we got a letter this morning, saying that the Georgia nine declined to come to our ground. We must say we won a victory 50 to 0.

The first nine of the Silent B. B. C., which is composed of skillful players, is under Captain Brundage.

Talladega Ala. May 8th, 1875.

TALLADEGAN.

CLARKE (MASS.)

THE following account of the manner in which religious exercises are conducted at the articulation school for deaf-mutes at Northampton, Mass., is taken from the last Report of the Institution.

"We have never referred to the religious exercises of the school, and hence some persons have supposed we had nothing of the kind; but all who have attended these exercises have found them among the most interesting of the school.

"All the older pupils gather every morning in the chapel, where a short passage of the scriptures is explained and applied, followed by extempore prayer. With the younger pupils there is a shorter and simpler devotional exercise.

"On the Sabbath, the older pupils are assembled for worship. The services commence with the reading of a portion of the beautiful liturgy of the Episcopal Church. All rise and repeat the selection aloud; hymns are read and repeated in the same way from a collection prepared for the purpose.

"Then the little congregation are addressed by the teacher; seated before her—every eye intent upon her face, these young souls receive through her the lesson of a Father's kindness and a savior's love.

"Literally from her lips comes the message of love and redemption. She speaks precisely as she would had, all present the ability of hearing possessed by herself. Yet these pupils understand the message and there is true, though, to them, silent worship."

GEORGIA.

THE pupils of the Georgia Institution arranged to have a picnic and fishing party on May day. The place selected for the occasion is three miles from Cave Spring, where the Institution is located. The boys walked and the girls rode in two wagons and a buggy. The party arrived just in time to be welcomed by a terrific thunder-storm and rain. The girls, having some blankets and umbrellas, were not much wet; but the boys, less fortunate, were pretty well soaked. Nothing daunted, however, they caught a few fishes. When the storm was over, the whole party returned to the Institution, arriving in time to have dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon, and feeling much disappointed

and disgusted at the unlooked-for termination of their anticipated pleasant day.

Mrs. Henry S. Morris, wife of the Master of the shoe shop of the Georgia Institution, died on March 6, after a short illness. Mrs. Morris graduated from the Georgia Institution in June 1874, and was married in October of the same year. She was possessed of a combination of good qualities rarely found in one person. As a daughter, she was always ready to render a loving, cheerful obedience to the wishes of her parents, and was the pet of the household. As a pupil she was studious, respectful, and obedient to those in authority, kind to her companions, and faithful to her friends, as a wife, she was affectionate and true; and as a Christian, she was earnest in all that pertains to true Christianity, viz; Faith, Hope and Charity. She gained a warm place in the heart of every person whose privilege it was to know her intimately, and leaves a host of friends to mourn her untimely end.

Mr. W. M. Payne, formerly a member of the Preparatory class at the Deaf-mute College, has lately moved from Cedar Town, and is now working on a farm about two miles out of Cave Spring.

Mr. John H. Payne, a brother of the above, of Floyd Co., and Miss Martha J. Harris, of Meriwether Co., both graduates of the Georgia Institution, were married on the 2d of last December.

COLLEGE RECORD.

ONE common sign of free masonry among our green base ballists—bruised fingers.

THE College "Preps" intend to start a paper—*Ky. Deafsmute*. Yes; they are yet waiting for some one to occupy the editorial chair

"Who was Sir Marmaduke," gravely asked a "Prep" the other day. He is one of the few who are not bothered by that Modern Muddle.

MR. GILLET, principal of the Illinois Institution, visited the College recently. Where he was bound has not been ascertained.

TROUBLESOME visitors—Beetles, mantises, and other insects. Wonder how Noah felt when their ancestors visited him in the Ark!

MR. WILL L. HILL, '72, was married, on the 11th inst., to a speaking lady whose name we are sorry to say we have not ascertained. They will stop at Washington on their wedding tour, this week, probably.

Y't is reported that when ye "Preps" play ball, ye glazier doth stand around ye basement windows, clad in armor, with his glass in tomb-proof case, to repair ye broken panes instanter lest ye "Preps" do get ahead of him.

A MATCH game between the Columbia College Nine and the Kendalls was played on the 8th on Kendall Green, in which the latter suffered a defeat by a score of 36 to 12. A similar defeat was experienced by the Kendalls a week before, on the Columbia College grounds. Score 23 to 9.

THE FORTNIGHT.

THE Louisiana Legislature adjourned *sine die* on April 24.

The Public debt was reduced more than \$2,000,000 during April.

Mr. Edward Pierrepont, of New York, is the new Attorney-General.

The largest wooden bridge known to exist in the world was entirely destroyed by fire on May 5, on a branch of the Erie Railroad in New York.

A working engineer, residing in the suburbs of Berlin, has been arrested while prowling around the mansion of Prince Bismarck. A loaded pistol was found in his pocket. He is temporarily lodged in a lunatic asylum.

New outrages are reported in the mining region. An attempt has been made on the railroad near Potts to throw a passenger train off the track, and the railroad-telegraph office at Locust Summit was burned by incendiaries.

By the wreck of the steamship "Schiller" near the British coast on May 7, during a dense fog, 342 persons lost their lives. There were about 75 women on board and only one was saved. The total number of persons on board was 385.

The State Department has received from the United States Consul at Shanghai copies of a circular, printed in English and Chinese, giving information concerning the Centennial Exposition, many of which have been distributed throughout the empire.

A terrible explosion occurred on April 30, in an English coal mine, North Staffordshire, while the miners were at work. Forty-one dead bodies were recovered from the mine. Many of the bodies of the victims were mutilated beyond recognition. A great number of the dead miners left large families of children in destitute condition.

The report of the Committee, appointed to investigate the canal frauds in New York, which was presented to the Legislature May 5, is conclusive as to the existence of a system of swindling which has probably had no parallel since the days of the Tweed ring.

Affairs in Cuba appear to be approaching some sort of a crisis. The insurgents have determined to devastate as much of the country as possible, and they have been remarkably successful in their plan. While destitution is staring the inhabitants in the face the taxes are increasing.

The revolution which began in Michoacan, Mexico, in consequence of the publication of Church reforms and of the expulsion of the Sisters of Charity, in extending and gaining ground in other States. Michoacan is suffering greatly. All business is paralyzed, and the inhabitants are leaving.

A Revolution was attempted at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, on May 1, which was quickly suppressed. The leaders of the movement were rival aspirants for the presidency. One of them was mortally wounded by the government troops while attempting to assist him. He fled to the British Consulate and died there; another took refuge in the house of the American Consul, and the third committed suicide.

The official investiture of Cardinal McCloskey with the insignia of his office, the berretta, took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York on April 27, with perhaps the grandest ceremonies ever witnessed inside of an American church. During the services the newly created Cardinal delivered a grief address expressing the compliment paid to American Catholics and this country in the appointment of himself to the high office.

A large part of the town of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, was destroyed by fire April 28: 400 houses, 70 stores, 50 manufacturing establishments, 4 hotels, and 4 churches. The total loss is estimated at \$2,500,000. Three thousand persons were burned out, three hundred families rendered destitute, and two thousand persons are out of employment. This is the third great fire that has visited Oshkosh—one in May, 1859—and the other in July, 1874.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The income of the wealthiest man in the English House of Commons was only \$3,750,000 last year.

The traces of Maximilian's short reign in Mexico are rapidly passing away. Even the place in the city of Mexico which he confiscated and presented to Marshal Bazaine upon the occasion of the latter's marriage is now to become the site of an American hotel.

Mr. Bayard Taylor is considered to be a man of marked personal appearance, but they have not yet learned to recognize him in the ancient town of Dubuque. He was warmly but unsuccessfully importuned there the other day to buy a ticket to his own lecture.

Anybody, possessed by a devouring desire to examine the autograph of Master Paul Revere, jeweler and equestrian, may have that pleasure by journeying to Marblehead, Mass., and looking at the charter of Philanthropic Lodge of Masons, granted by the authority of George II in 1769, and signed in 1797 by Revere, as Grand Master.

This is Kentucky's centennial year. A hundred years ago Richard Henderson purchased from the Indians all Kentucky south of Kentucky River; Daniel Boone surveyed the purchase for him; Boone completed the fort at Boonesborough, in Madison County; his wife and daughters came as the first women to Kentucky, and the first sermon was preached at the Big Spring, in Harrodsburg, in Mercer County.

A rather unique sort of a miser died a week or two ago in Hudson, N. Y. He was an Episcopal minister who served as a missionary for his church in Greene County, receiving a salary of \$200 and numerous donations. He lived in extreme poverty, and when he died a subscription was taken up to pay the funeral expenses. After the funeral his rooms were examined and a will found, together with a package containing \$94,000 in Government bonds; and a bank book showing a deposit of \$10,000 in a bank in New York City. The will gave half of his property to his relatives and the rest to St. Luke's Hospital and to churches in which he had preached. The clergyman's name was Clark, and he went to Greene County from Halifax, N. S.

The law of succession to the Chinese throne is peculiar. In the event of the Emperor dying childless, and without naming a successor, the throne falls to the nearest male of the Imperial family young enough to have been the late ruler's son. The Emperor can nominate his successor, but his choice is limited to the reigning house, and is subject to the above law as to age.

A gentleman saw his little daughter dipping her doll's dress into a tin cup, and inquired, "What are you doing, my daughter?" "I'm coloring my doll's dress red." "With what?" "With beer." "What put that foolish notion into your head, child? You can't color red with beer." "Yes, I can, pa, because ma'said it was beer that made your nose so red." That man had business that required him down town immediately.

Five members of the senior class at Harvard intend forming a party to travel on foot through Ireland, England, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. They will start immediately after commencement and be absent about a year. They will take passage over by steerage and return by cabin. By roughing it they hope to get a better insight into the customs and habits of the people whom they will meet than they could by travelling in the customary way.

A Boston lady while in Paris, two years ago, sent a letter to her sweet heart, a ship captain, addressing it to St. Helena. It missed the wanderer and followed him about the world, finally returning to Paris, where the captain's banker forwarded it to Boston. I reached him one evening as he was bouncing a six weeks' old baby on his knee, he having married the writer of the letter a year ago. That letter could not have followed him more persistently if it had been a dun.

An Ohio paper says: The man who carries the mail to Union City from the trains to the office is a clever fellow, but absent-minded. The other night the train was late, and he reclined on the floor, pillowing his head on a dog, while he held the mail-bag in his hand. When the train came in he awoke, gave the mail-bag a kick, and seized the dog by the cuff of the neck and tail and started for the mail car. The messenger told him the dog was not properly stamped.

There doesn't seem to be any great enjoyment in the process of photographing the King of Siam. An English traveler lately attempted it, and his Majesty at first piously insisted upon being taken in the attitude of prayer. Before the artist could get ready he changed his mind, darted out of the room, and presently came back in a French uniform. One of the pictures caused a difficulty, the King ordering the artist to "pose" him, and the attendant prince declaring that he must not lay hands upon so sacred a being.

A lady traveling from New York to Boston, a short time ago, took her seat in a drawing room car, the only occupants of which were two gentlemen. One was smoking; the other held a fresh and unlighted cigar just ready to apply the match. The fair traveler did not like the odor of smoke, and calmly remarked aloud that this was the drawing room car, and they would please find the smoking-car forward, for the smoke was very offensive to her. The gentleman removed the obnoxious weeds, but looked extremely serious about it, and had a word or two with the conductor when that functionary entered. He mildly requested the lady to step into another car, but she was comfortably seated and declined to move. By and by other gentlemen appeared and addressing the would-be smoker as "Mr. President," and when at last some one let drop the mystic word "Grant" the obtuse but well-meaning dame recognized her company, and, summoning the conductor, sought another car. All this is picturesquely told by *The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

COOK-STOVE AND DICTIONARY.—No well regulated household is complete without a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. We would as soon think of getting along *without* a cook-stove. One young man in this vicinity bought two copies of Webster at the bookstore within a few weeks. When he purchased the second one the proprietor asked him what he was going to do with two, "Why" said he "I have just got married and my folks won't let me take away from the house the dictionary I first bought, so I am obliged to get another as I cannot get along without it;" and the young man was right.